

Euans. O man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cafes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desire.

Mist. Page. Pre thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Quies*, and your *Quods*, you must be preches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mist. Page.*

Mist. Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mist. Ford.* Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a baires bredth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *John*.)

Mist. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mist. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Euans* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he *Mist. Page*?

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of *Mist. Ford*'s brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney. *Mist. Ford.* There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houle.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir *John*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman's gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischief.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboute.

Mist. Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *John*.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*: *Mist. Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my houle, and hath threatned to beate her.

Mist. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mist. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doe,

Wines may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*Mist. Page*) haue you any way then to vnsuole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the ieaious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mist. Ford*) do I?

Mist. Ford. Heauen be my witness you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said *Brazon-face*, hold it out: Come forth firrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euans. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wines cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houle yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houle I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my ieaiousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shall. By my fidelity this is not well *M. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. *M. Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is ieaiousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my houle this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as ieaious as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wines Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (*Mist. Page*), come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houle. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman:

Mist. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcate, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euans. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my ieaiousie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come Gentlemen.

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mist. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate him most vn-pittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him?

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuerituous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publicly sham'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, and Euans.

Euans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand

(In